

# NEW YORK Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 359.

"I WISH I KNEW!"  
BY EREN E. REXFORD  
I wish I knew, I said, and thought that not a soul  
was listening to me,  
How willful maidens may be caught. If I were  
one, the men might woo me.  
I'd not torment them, no—not I! I know too  
well just how to pity  
The lover who in vain must sigh for Love's sweet  
"Yes." I've learned of Kitty.  
That night when Kitty by my side, upon the sofa  
close was sitting,  
To plead for "Yes" once more I tried, in words  
that seemed the most befitting.  
"I wish I knew," she, answering, said, and looked  
into my face demurely.  
You should not woo. He wooed instead. You'd  
not torment your lover, surely.  
Of course I blushed to think she heard my wishes  
after hidden knowledge.  
But how to gain that little word, is something  
they don't teach at college!

## Winning Ways: or, KITTY ATHERTON'S HEART.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

### CHAPTER I.

THE FAIRY AT THE GATE.

methinks there is no lovelier sight on earth  
Than gentle maidens in their early years;  
But once and henceforth there is no birth  
Eve's bright eyes grow dim with secret woe;  
When life the semblance of a dream doth wear;  
And earth is basking in a joyous smile;  
With rich delight breathes in the golden air,  
And boundless fancies may the heart beguile.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

BROKEN lives are far more common things than broken hearts; they may be seen in every direction, if you will but turn those blue eyes of yours upon the world you live in. They are simply arrows that have missed their mark—streams that have fallen at the fountain-head; fair and smiling gardens that have fallen into barrenness and decay—through whose faults, who can tell? There are lives which ought not to have been lived in vain, lives which ought not to have been full of beauty, of goodness, of holiness—lives which ought to have made and have left other lives better and happier by their example; and yet what a waste they are! And look at those who live them! See how gay, how frank, how winning most of them appear—see how gifted, how beautiful, how graceful they are—how lightly time, and care, and trouble seem to touch them; and yet, to them, how blank, how dreary, how purposeless everything but death must be! I do not ask the reason of these things. I only know that they are so. And of one such life I am about to write the story. You shall look upon it in its first glad spring—you shall watch it in its glowing summer—you shall gaze tenderly on its sad autumnal beauty, and sigh when its hollow winter winds begin to blow. It shall be a true story of a real person who has lived a "broken life," and at its close, see if you can guess, dear reader, the riddle which so puzzles me. See if you can tell, any more than I can, why a heart so fond and warm should turn to marble—why a pure soul should fade and die—why a mere innocent should be forever spoiled—why a spirit so eager and buoyant should be content to fold its pinions and grovel on the earth till the end of earthly things. Recognize thoroughly that aimless, purposeless existence, read its innermost page of failure, of doubt, of self-reproach, and of despair. See all the struggle, and all the pain—the consciousness of defeat, and the hopelessness of triumph—the feeble attempt to rise, the desperate, headlong fall, and tell me, if you can, what it means! Ah, believe me, those who are so unfortunate as to make life a failure, are not to be harshly judged! We, who are happy, successful, and beloved, can afford to be merciful to them. And when the end comes, and the feet that have so stumbled over the world's rough paths are still, and the heart that has so suffered feels no more pain, and the eyes that have looked so wearily through their tears for light and hope are closed, may it not be possible that then some "city of refuge" will be opened to the poor bewildered soul, and the great secret of such utter failures be revealed, as the chastening discipline that led it gently there? I hope so!

An author sat one day in his London lodgings, weary with the din and bustle that reigned in the street below; sick and tired of the "making of books," of which, in his case, at least, they certainly seemed to be "no end" beginning, like the Psalmist's "flea away and be at rest," far from the petty cares and vexations that seem to cluster most thickly around a city home. In this mood he opened a guide-book that lay upon his writing-table, and turning over the leaves at random, chanced upon this passage; an extract from that prose-poet of all country scenery, whose very name (in conjunction with that of his gifted wife) is like a familiar strain of music to the ear—"William Howitt."

"On one side are open knolls and ascending woodlands, covered with majestic beeches, and the village children playing under them; on the other, the most rustic cottages, almost buried in the midst of their orchard trees, and thatched as Hampshire cottages only are, in such projecting abundance, such flowing lines. The bee-hives, in their rustic rows, the little crofts, all belong to a primitive country. As I advanced, heathery hills stretched away on one hand, woods came down closely and thickly on the other, and a winding road, beneath the shade of large old trees, conducted me to one of the most retired and peaceful hamlets. It was Minstead. Herds of red deer rose from the fern, and went bounding away, and dashed in the depths of the woods; troops of those gray and long-tailed forest horses turned to gaze as I passed down the open glades, and the red squirrels in hundreds scampered away from the ground where they were feeding. Delighted with the true woodland



At first sight of the stranger, Mr. Oliver started visibly, changing color.

wildness and solemnity of beauty, I roved onward through the wildest woods that came in my way. A walking as from a dream, I saw far around me one deep shadow, one thick and continuous roof of boughs, and thousands of hoary boughs, standing clothed, as it were, with the very spirit of silence."

The author closed the book, and Minstead, with its beech-trees and green knolls, and red deer and squirrels, and gray forest ponies, rose up before his mental eye like a "city of refuge" in a barren and weary land. At thought of it, the petty, vexing troubles that had oppressed him, vanished into thin air, and, starting up at that instant, lest, at the sight of unfinished "copy" and uncorrected "proofs," his courage should fail, he went into his bed-room and began to pack his trunk. The next morning, about an hour before that emissary of evil, an author, the "printer's devil," could reasonably be expected at his town lodgings, he was safe in the mail-train for Southampton, rushing away at full speed from the station and from all the tasks and annoyances that follow in his wake. He left the train at one of the small Forest stations, and, securing an open carriage and a good-tempered-looking driver, set off in high spirits for Minstead. He had heard of a small inn there, whose name, the "Trusty Servant," seemed to him to harmonize well with the surroundings described by Howitt; and when, at last, he caught sight of the veritable green knolls and beechen-trees (minus the red deer and long-tailed ponies), he pleased himself with a picture of a happy week spent beneath the thatched roof of the hotel—a week of close communion with Nature, in one of her loveliest haunts, among her simplest and most unsophisticated creatures.

But it generally happens that, if people set their hearts upon going to any particular place in the world, and make all their arrangements with a special reference to that place, some malicious sprite interferes suddenly and unexpectedly, and they find themselves located in quite a different direction. This first day in the Forest was no exception to the ordinary rule. The "Trusty Servant" hummed and out-of-the-way place as it seemed, was full and the large inn at Stony Cross, in the same predicament. Night was fast closing in—the driver looked cross, the horse seemed tired—a fine rain began to fall, and the shivering author regretted sorely of his hasty trip into a strange territory.

"I might at least have written beforehand to secure lodgings," he grumbled to himself, as they plodded along a dark and dreary forest road.

Suddenly a warm light shone out before them; the driver brightened up visibly, and turned toward him with a broad grin.

"The 'Bell Inn,' Brook, sir!" he said, touching his hat. "I thought it were a mile further on, and he drew up with a great flourish before the door of an old-fashioned inn, standing back from the road, with a large garden on one side, and some very comfortable-looking stables on the other."

A stout, pleasant-faced landlady made her appearance in the passage; the hostler ran round from the stable, and in an incredibly short time horse and driver were resting comfortably from their journey, while the author sat by a cheerful fire in the best parlor, eating his toast, drinking his tea, and reading "London Paper," some six weeks old, with much apparent zest.

The place pleased him. It was quiet, neat, and clean, and he determined to make it his head-quarters during his explorations in the Forest.

The arrangement was completed before he retired to rest. The next morning he slept late, breakfasted at one (much to the surprise of the round-faced country girl who waited on him), and after spending an hour or two over a book, set out for a long country walk.

It was a mild November afternoon. A gray and cloudy sky hung low above the trees that creaked and groaned with every sudden gust of wind; a heavy mist (changing now and then to angry gusts of rain) was in the air; the ground was wet and sodden, and the smoke from the

village chimneys floated suddenly toward the earth. It had been raining all the morning—it would probably rain all the night; and the raw blasts that swept from the east grew more piercing still as the evening closed in. Few would have cared to be out, either for business or pleasure, at such a time.

Yet the author strolled through the deserted streets of Brook, in spite of the wind, the rain, and the gloomy, overhanging sky. He did not seem to fear the storm; he did not face it, but lounged along with his hands in the pockets of his greatcoat, as if he had been strolling through Kensington Gardens on a fine summer's day. In fact, he was scarcely thinking of the weather at that moment. His mind was intent upon the perfect stillness that reigned in spite of his spirit, so long, quiet, and annoyed by a thousand and petty troubles, brought by each succeeding day, and suffered gratefully even upon that scene of storm and gloom. He felt old, worn out, and incomparably weary, it is true—not a sense of returning youth and hope, and joy, came to him upon the wings of that sweeping breeze, but the rain-drops touched his forehead with a cold kiss of peace, and the sultry clouds and the wailing wind seemed to express the thought which he had in his mind all the while.

"The end of all things has come for me, and I am content. But surely it would be very sweet if one could die peacefully and be buried in this little hamlet. I could rest in my grave, I think, if they made it at Minstead!"

As he said the words half aloud, the road took a sudden turn to the left. He turned with it, and came unexpectedly upon a little living picture that made him pause.

Every one knows the truth of the old saying, "the world is full of paper walls"—walls which by the merest chance are to me, and fatally separating those who long to meet—walls which are as impregnable as they are built of the hardest adamant. But it sometimes seems to me that the world is also full of unseen influences, natural magnets, which are forever, and perhaps as fatally, drawing those toward each other who are far better apart, and yet must meet, because they are fated to do so. Strangely enough do those influences work upon and affect us all, who stand just beyond the gate, with a very sad, who stood fixed upon his as intently as if he had been the fairest vision that ever crossed a poet's path. Kitty started as she caught that earnest gaze—returned it for a moment with a sort of breathless awe—then blushed, and trembled, and turned away with a guilty, frightened feeling at her heart, which she had never known before.

The voice of the old farmer called the young pair from their pleasant dream.

"Kitty! William! Don't you see it is going to rain? You will not have time for your walk before tea. In with you before you get a wetting."

Kitty's face was turned toward the road; therefore, as she turned to obey her father's summons, she was "made 'ware" of a tall and elegant stranger, looking very handsome and very sad, who stood just beyond the gate, with his dark eyes fixed upon her as intently as if he had been the fairest vision that ever crossed a poet's path. Kitty started as she caught that earnest gaze—returned it for a moment with a sort of breathless awe—then blushed, and trembled, and turned away with a guilty, frightened feeling at her heart, which she had never known before.

"The gentleman seems tired, and we are going to have a heavy shower," said the farmer, coming down the path toward them; "perhaps he will walk in and take shelter with us till it is over."

The last words were addressed half to William, and half to the author, who, on hearing them, advanced on the instant, and raised his hat.

"You are very kind," he said, in a voice whose tones struck upon Kitty's sensitive ear like some familiar but half-forgotten melody; "and I accept your hospitality as cordially as if it is offered—that is, if I am not intruding upon the privacy of a family party."

The old man chuckled, and nodded his head significantly at William.

"No, not a bit on't!" he said, cheerfully.

"I'll tell you more about that after tea. But now let us go in. Here come the first drops of the shower."

He hurried up the little gravelled path, followed by William, who had grown suddenly silent and shamefaced in the presence of the unexpected guest. Kitty was silent, too, and never looked his way, although he was walking close beside her. At the porch the flowers she was carrying fell to the ground. The stranger picked them up and gave them to her with a low bow; but before he had secured one in the palm of his hand. She saw him do it, and went into the little cottage parlor blushing more deeply than before.

some skillful hand. They garlanded it with a fresh green wreath even yet. The cottage was one of those quaint, old-fashioned thatched and latticed houses you can still see in the New Forest—if in no other part of England—of those ideal cottages which seem the fit abiding-place of James' and Tennyson's "May Queens."

At this moment its door stood hospitably open, and in the picturesque little porch a jolly-looking old farmer was talking to two women dressed in caps and jolly-looking as himself. At the gate stood a young and handsome man of twenty-five, wearing a farmer's dress and holding the hand of a girl of seventeen, who looked up in his face with a gay, frank smile. A garden hat hung on her arm. A nosegay of autumnal flowers was in her disengaged hand, and the studious neatness of her simple gray dress and pink ribbons showed that the day was a festive one—at least, in her young eyes.

Pretty eyes she had, too, soft, dark, and bright; a pretty, blooming face, luxuriant hair, a graceful form, an easy carriage; attractions sufficient to stamp her at once as the village belle. And something else was in that face, too, which caught the author's eye and made him fall into a deep reverie as he stood and watched her.

How lovely that face was, indeed; that he could look more closely at it. Dark, silky hair, plumed back carelessly yet smoothly from the blooming chin; eyes that were deep as well as dark, and that were the very "homes of grace." A clear, brunette complexion, with a wild-rose tint upon the cheeks, and a deeper crimson on the lips that seemed always ready to break into a smile; a light, aquiline nose, a rounded, dimpled chin, a well-shaped head, that was set proudly on a white and slender throat; a rounded yet delicate form; small hands, feet, and ears—gaze as he might, he could find no fault with little Kitty. More beautiful women he had, of course, seen—more graceful ones, it may be; but never had so fresh, so natural, and so unaffected a creature crossed his path before. She was as blooming as a sweet wild-rose; she was good, and simple, and artless; she moved about her cottage-home with shy, instinctive grace, a little troubled by the new feelings to which she could give no name; yet busying herself all the while with arrangements for his comfort, in such a charming way, that he could not keep his eyes from her. The words of the ambitious judge in "Maud Muller," that beautiful American poem of John G. Whittier's, came into his mind as he watched her.

"We're more fair, a face more sweet,

"We're fairer than the lily, than the rose,

"And her modest answer and graceful air

"Show her wise and good as she is fair,

"Would she were mine, and I, to-day,

"Like her, a harvester of hay."

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,

"Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues."

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,

"And health, and quiet, and loving words."

"Tea is ready, please," said the sweet voice of "Maud Muller" as he inwardly repeated the last words, and he got up and took his seat at the table by her side. If any one had told him one week before that he would have been sitting sociably at that meal, in company with a young and beautiful girl, an old farmer, and two stout old women, who, however estimable they might be, certainly did not bear the slightest outward resemblance to duchesses, how he would have scouted the idea, yet there he sat, helping Kitty with the cups and hot water, as if he had been a tea-maker all his life; eating bread and butter, and cold boiled ham with the most intense relish, and exerting himself for the entertainment of the company, till old Farmer Atherton and William had joined with daughter, and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones confided to each other behind their tea-cups, that he was "the funniest gentleman they ever did see!"

And then when the meal was over, how he insisted on helping them to clear away. I think he would have washed the dishes if Mrs. Brown would have let him! If any one had told these laughing, good-tempered cottagers, "This man who chooses to amuse himself" for this moment by a game at "high jinks" with you is one of the most sarcastic, reserved, and unapproachable of human beings in his own sphere and among his equals"—do you think they would have believed it? You know they would not! And yet it was nothing more than the truth.

The dishes were washed and put tidily away, the hearth brushed, the curtains drawn, the candles lit, and Kitty sat beside her lover in the family circle, while Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones took their places near the stranger. The old farmer stirred his glass of spirit, and gazed around the group with contented eyes.

"Quite like as if we had known each other all our lives long—isn't it, sir?"

"Quite. And that reminds me that you ought to know who you have been so very kind to. My name is Francis Oliver. I am an Englishman by birth, and for the present, at least, a Londoner by residence. I came down here for a week's quiet, little thinking I should meet with such pleasant friends, or such a warm welcome."

"You deserve it, sir. You deserve it!" said

### CHAPTER II.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

"Oh, Eva, thou the pure in heart,  
Why fair is thy treasuring voice?  
A bairn in the garden-side seat,  
And yet thine eyes rejoice.  
Thine eyelids drop in tenderness,  
New smiles thy lips combine,  
For thou dost feel another soul  
Is blending into thine."

—ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

The fire burned bright upon the cottage hearth, and danced and sparkled over again in the stone of cups and glasses which filled the dresser opposite. A row of chairs were drawn up in a cosy semicircle before the hearth, the old farmer installed his guest in the place of honor—the chimney-corner—and sat down by his side. William dropped into a seat near the window, and Kitty and her two female guests bustled about the room, "on hospitable cares intent."

From his nook the stranger watched it all, while he talked with the old man about the traditions of the Forest, and the wonders of "London town." He marked the exquisite neatness of the place, the fresh colors of the pretty carpet that covered the floor, the dazzling brightness of the window-panes, the spotless purity of the cloth the cottage girl was laying. The steel fender almost made his eyes ache with brightness, and look as he might, at the mantelpiece, table, chairs, and shelves, not a particle of dust or dirt could be found on them to offend his fastidious eye. A vase of late-blooming flowers stood on the broad window-sill. On a table beneath it a Bible and a prayer-book bound in morocco, a set of "Hervy's Meditations," and one or two volumes of "Studious Reflections." The soberly-painted shelves opposite the fireplace held nothing but the modest dishes of delft and earthenware necessary for the farmer's table, but just beyond them, a small book-case hung by its crimson cords, and evidently contained Kitty's literary treasures. At that distance he could not decipher the titles of the books, but he promised himself a closer scrutiny after tea. Over the book-shelves hung a print of a young girl holding a spaniel in her arms. Upon the wall behind him were two engravings framed in black, and dark with age, representing that dismal "Leaving of the Tuilleries" and that still more dismal leave-taking of a king of France with Marie Antoinette, and her unfortunate children. They were finely drawn and engraved, but it was a relief to look from the agonized group to the fresh young face of Kitty, who was cutting bread and butter just beneath them.

How lovely that face was, indeed; that he could look more closely at it. Dark, silky hair, plumed back carelessly yet smoothly from the blooming chin; eyes that were deep as well as dark, and that were the very "homes of grace." A clear, brunette complexion, with a wild-rose tint upon the cheeks, and a deeper crimson on the lips that seemed always ready to

the old man, warmly. "Tisn't many a gentle-  
man born who would come into a poor man's  
home and make himself so friendly as you have  
done to-day. I drink your health, sir; and here's  
hoping you will find friends and happiness  
wherever you go."

The author smiled.

"Thank you. Let me return your courtesy,  
my good friend, and couple with my toast, the  
name of your fair daughter. Long life, a happy  
home, and some one to love her always." And he  
bowed to Kitty, and raised his glass to his lips.

"Eh, Kitty, lass, did you hear that?" said the  
old man, laughing, but at the same time wiping a  
tear from his eye. "I see you have guessed  
her little secret, sir; so she will not mind my  
telling you that your wish for her is likely to be  
granted. Long life we cannot be sure of; but  
the happy bird she has here, and there is the  
man who will make it for her." And he  
laid his hand affectionately on William Hill's  
shoulder. "It's their betrothal day, sir. We  
have been keeping it with a little dinner, you  
see."

"I congratulate you from the bottom of my  
heart," said Mr. Oliver to the expectant bride-  
groom. "You are a lucky man; and if ever a  
man's home was a happy one, I think yours  
must surely be with so good and so pretty a  
wife within it."

Poor William! It was certainly a misfortune  
that, at such a moment, he should have been  
unable to find words for a reply—certainly a  
misfortune that he should have down his head  
blushingly, and only mutter something in  
distress, to the effect that he would always be  
kind to Kitty. Kitty heard it more plainly  
than any one else, but even as she listened, she  
glanced from him to the tall, elegant stranger  
who was so composed, and so polite, and a sigh  
stole from her lips. There was a short, awkward  
silence, broken by a loud exclamation from the  
farmer, which drew all eyes upon him.

"I wonder I never thought of it before!"

"Thought of what, father?" asked Kitty,  
moving somewhat uneasily in her chair.

"Why, this gentleman's name! And the book  
you are so fond of reading."

"Oh! said Kitty, and her dark eyes grew  
round, and her mouth opened. "Oh, it is the  
same name. Did you write it? Is it yours?"

She ran to the book-case, selected a volume  
bound in green and gold, and put it into Mr.  
Oliver's hand. He smiled good-naturedly as he  
glanced at it.

"Yes, it is mine."

"To think of that, now!" said the farmer  
proudly. "Many's the time I've heard the child  
reading it out loud of an evening, and here you  
are sitting with us, and the book in your own  
hand! Drat it, how funny things do come round  
in this world! don't they, sir?" he exclaimed.

"I do, indeed," said the author, who  
was still holding the book, and gazing absent-  
mindedly into the fire.

"A main pretty story, what I remember  
of it," said the farmer, lighting his pipe.  
"Have a smoke, sir?"

"And the people talk there pretty much as  
they would if they were alive," continued the  
old man, "which is a real blessing. Tisn't often  
I read a story, but when I do, I like to have  
things natural—like to have a spade called a  
spade, you know. Now, it seems to me that the  
ladies and gentlemen that write books  
mostly like to call a spade by some fine name.  
Nonsense to them, but we plain people are  
dreadfully puzzled sometimes to know what  
they are driving at, they do use such nation fine  
words."

"That's exactly what I mean, sir," cried the  
old man, delighted at finding his criticism so well  
appreciated. "And now about that book, Mr.  
Oliver. We have any of it?"

"A great deal," replied the author. And  
then he caught Kitty's dark eyes fixed upon  
him, and, stopping short in what he was about  
to say, he colored visibly, for, with the egotism  
peculiar to his profession, he had made his book  
an exponent of his own soul at that particular  
period of his life, and there was something in it  
about a lost love, which was only too true, and  
which Kitty translated by the light of his momentary  
confusion precisely as he had not intended  
to let her to do. A lost love is a very romantic  
thing in theory, but no man likes to own that he  
has been jilted; and Kitty's face showed that  
she knew the truth too well. Mr. Oliver laid  
down his book as if it had stung him, and said  
that he must go.

The clock struck eight as he rose from his  
chair. They all accompanied him to the gate.  
The wind and the rain had gone down—the sky  
looked clear and cold, and a white wintry moon  
was waiting to light him home.

"It will be fine now," said Mr. Atherton, as he  
bade him good-night. "You were talking about  
Rufus' Stone a little while ago, sir. By the  
day after to-morrow the forest will be quite dry  
enough to cross, and I will show you the way  
with pleasure, if you would like to go with me."

"I should be delighted," replied Mr. Oliver,  
grinning broadly, and his eyes gleamed with  
a mischievous pleasure, as he looked at his  
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The excited audience again cheered at the sound of her voice. The name of Picayune Pete passed through the hall in various tones of wonder, amusement and recognition.

"Where is this boy, this Peter?" asked the president.

"He is following the villain through the woods," said the officer. "We are afraid that he has escaped the railroad, but have sent men to telegraph to the different stations."

"Will not Captain Baker tell us the particulars of this affair?" asked the person who had first offered the additional reward. "Who is this abductor? Is he known in Toledo?"

"They call him Colonel Green," was the answer.

This reply rekindled the excitement of the audience. The name was known to all present, and a thousand diverse expressions of opinion went in a loud murmur through the assemblage. The tidings passed into the street and added fuel to the excitement there.

"We will never get at the facts," cried the president, impatiently. "Will not Captain Baker give us the details of the recovery?"

"You had better ask the officer here," replied the captain. "He knows more about it than I do."

The officer, thus brought forward, proceeded to give a succinct description of what he knew of the abduction, detailing the arrest of Picayune Pete, his orders to follow him, his being led by the dog to the log-cabin, and his timely rescue of the boy.

He followed this story by a description of the chase on the Bay, and the escape of the fugitive, followed by Pete through the forest.

This story was not finished without many interruptions and expressions of approval and interest by the hearers.

"Now, can we not hear from Minnie Ellis herself?" asked a gentleman on the floor of the hall.

"Will she not tell us how this villain succeeded in carrying off her child?"

The excited child, thus questioned, proceeded to describe her adventures, the audience listening with spell-bound interest as her sweet, clear tones sounded through the hall, and reached the ears of listeners in the street without.

There was no interruption to her detailed and child-like narrative, all within hearing remaining as still as death while she proceeded to describe her various adventures, till finally discovered by Pete.

The excited tumult of voices that followed the conclusion of this narrative was broken by another incident. A man hastily forced his way into the hall, the packed assemblage making way for him as he advanced, his uplifted hand holding a slip of paper.

"A telegraph message!" he cried, still pressing forward.

"What is it?" cried a dozen voices. "Is he captured? Has he escaped?"

"We telegraphed on to every station where there is an agent, within twenty miles of the city," said the man. "The only train that has gone out that he could have escaped on, so far, is one on the Toledo and Chicago road. That train has passed Morgan's, twenty miles from here."

"Any word from there?" asked the president.

"Yes, we sent word on. He is well known to the conductor on the train. The cars were searched, and he is not aboard."

The excitement which his entrance had made round the door was renewed. A second person was making his way in.

"A train has just come in on the T. and C. road," he ejaculated. "They report that Colonel Green got on the outward train at Woodville. He must have made his escape at some station between there and Morgan's."

"Where is Picayune Pete? Did he fall to overtake him?" cried the officer.

"He followed him to the station, just too late to give the alarm."

"Where is he?" asked the president.

"He came in by the train. I left him at the depot."

A number of persons forced their way out of the hall at these words, eager to see the boy who was the hero of the hour. A large portion of the exterior assemblage followed them. Minnie clapped her hands with joy, on learning of Pete's safety.

A new diversion was created by several ladies now gaining admittance to the hall, among them Minnie's aunt and Madame Lucien.

Room was made to give them passage to the platform, where they caught the child in their arms and devoured her with kisses.

"I important news!" he cried. "A man answering Colonial Green's description left the train at Forest station, ten miles out from Toledo. He bought a rifle from the storekeeper there, and a horse from the hotel. He has put off north through the big woods that stretch up country from there."

"Has the alarm been given?"

"Yes; but it is feared he has escaped. He had a good horse and a half-hour start. There is no telegraphing up that way. Parties have started out in pursuit; but if he is as smart as he looks, they won't find him."

"This is too bad!" cried the grain speculator, in answer. "Picayune Pete has earned his six thousand, but there is a reward out yet for that villain. The hue and cry must be raised everywhere; the whole country must join in the search. Telegraph at once to every point. Send word out by every train. Round the whole country. I will be good for the expense."

The excitement of the day was not yet ended. Another tumult broke out at the door of the hall. A large throng of persons seemed coming up the street, with loud cheers and shouts. Many of those near the entrance ran out to see what was meant by this new uproar.

Those remaining gazed eagerly at the door, wondering what new event was about to transpire. The noise was rapidly approaching. Now the form of a burly individual filled up the door of the assembly-room.

He was a well-known blacksmith of the town, and yet wore his leather apron, and carried a large hammer in his left hand.

But seated on his shoulder, as on a chair, and held firmly there by his bared and muscular right arm, was a ragged, bare-footed, handsomely-faced lad, his eyes twinkling in unbound'd glee.

"Here's Picayune Pete!" he shouted, "and there's the gal—there's Minnie! Said I'd fetch her, and I fetched her. Pete never goes back on his word, does he, Nicomedus?"

Pete's faithful dog, who had followed him in, responded by a loud bark.

The cheers without were taken up within, as Pete was quickly passed from hand to hand, to the platform, where he soon surveyed the audience with his usual indifference, and with a sense of triumph beaming from his face.

"Tell you what, folks," he cried, "Nick and me done our level best to catch the kurnel. We went through the woods and across country just like two streaks of lightning. But the kurnel flung us. He flung us bad, folks. Anyhow, we fetched the gal, and that's worth nine cheers and a Bengal tiger. Open your mouths and let her out with a will, my noble feller citizens."

Again the hall trembled, as a thousand voices responded in ringing cheers to this stirring appeal.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### PETE AN GENTLEMAN OF WEALTH.

Pete remained for several days the lion of Toledo. His adventures were in everybody's mouth, and he was invited to relate them himself to persons who, a few days before, would have seemed to look at him.

But the amount of satisfaction they received depended very much on the manner in which they approached our young friend. He was inherently rebellious to any assumption of superiority, and had a way of his own of putting down condescension, which people in general called impudence, but which he considered mainly inde-

pendence. Those, therefore, who thought to patronize him, found that they had picked up a very rough chestnut but, and like the man who

picked up the hot iron, dropped him without waiting to be told.

But Pete had ceased to be a person of no account. He was now a young gentleman of property, and was not going to be condescended to.

Though, for that matter, money had very little influence on his manners. His natural sense of independence needed no bolstering.

The six thousand dollars which had been impulsively contributed on the occasion of the last public meeting, was freely paid over, but the donors reserved to themselves the right of deciding what should be done with it.

The result of their deliberation was that one thousand dollars should go to the policeman for his part in the affair, and the remaining five thousand should be paid over to Pete.

The announcement of this fact to the boy was as if fairyland had suddenly opened to him. If the sun had been a million, it would have seemed no more to Pete's fancy than did the five thousand.

The amount of his utmost fortune so far had been from two to three dollars at a time, and the breadth of gold-paved space that now opened before him was perfectly infinite.

The gentleman who had contributed Pete's wealth took the further trouble to invest it for him. What this meant the boy had not the least idea, but the mystery with which it surrounded his new-gained fortune added wonder.

"They call him Colonel Green," was the answer.

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short trip with the captain of the Mary Jane, who had taken quite a fancy to him.

Somewhat disengaged by her failure, she next asked her cousin William to try and find him for her. The latter reluctantly consented, after Minnie's earnest request.

Fortune proved more favorable to him than to her, as he met Pete, who had just returned from his trip, without any effort at search.

"You are the young gentleman, I believe," he said, "who was so fortunate as to rescue my cousin, Minnie Ellis."

Pete looked up into the face of the speaker with a very uncompromising glance.

"I'm Picayune Pete, if that's the chap you want," was his answer. "Young gentleman is a mighty neat type, but I don't dance to it."

"You don't consider it an insult to be called a young gentleman?"

"I don't reckon it's the truth," said Pete, with a rakish set of his hat. "I'm a feller that never sells under false colors, and you can't hest' any such flag as that at my masthead."

Pete's nautical experience was telling upon his conversation.

"My cousin Minnie is anxious to see you and thank you for your service to her," said Mr. Denton, thinking it safest to end this interview with as much tact as possible.

"There ain't no use talkin' boy," he said to a small circle of several friends of his own.

"I ain't no use, I'm a ragged, bare-footed, heavy feller," said Pete, reflectively.

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25 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

### THE NEW STAR!

We are in receipt of the following note from the new author, whom it will be our pleasure soon to introduce to the great world of popular literature:

CHEYENNE, WYOMING TERRITORY, Nov. 6th, 1876.

MESSRS. BRADLE AND ADAMS:

DEAR SIRS.—Permit me to-day I forward for your consideration a serial story which I think may prove acceptable to the readers of your excellent SATURDAY JOURNAL. It is in the style of the West, to such richness by Captain Mayne Reid, Bret Harte, Albert W. Aiken, and others of less noteworthy name—the wild life of the frontier; the life flavored by the odor of the balsamic pines of this far west;—each story is a plain, straightforward one, and what it lacks in originality it makes up in interest; be it noted, however, that I have had the honor of sending you a copy, and my friend is much used to the handle of the saber and the six-shooter, the revolver to the clerical pen, but in my life of adventure I have seen many things worth recording, and in my rude way I have striven to depict them, but nothing extreme nor sought set down in my story, and that you will pardon my blunt expressions, remembering that the pen of a soldier, like his sword, should always go straight to the point, I remain,

Yours respectfully,  
DELAWARE SARA.

late Col. Foreign Legion, Imperial Army of Mexico.

Col. Delaware Sara, like a good soldier, does his work well, claiming in honor that his achievement does not merit. His serial story, of which he speaks so modestly, is

### A SUPERB ROMANCE,

that will indeed challenge association with Capt. Mayne Reid, Bret Harte, and Albert W. Aiken, for a finer story of our wild Western life not one of the authors named have produced. It is so

### Fresh, Original and Striking

as to command attention from the opening chapter, and every reader realizes that the writer possesses that pen mastery which alone makes the great author. The romance, soon to be given, as already announced, is

### SILVER SAM;

or,  
The Mystery of Deadwood City.

### A STRANGE STORY OF THE WYOMING PLACERS.

In which it is apparent that the author indeed knows of what he writes. Such incidents of wild "civilization" in the "magic city" of Deadwood—where are gathered, at this very moment, more of *old* humanity than in any other settlement in the world—has the author wrought in his truly strange story that even his remarkable characters are of secondary interest to the "mystery," and the eventful drama that envelops it until it is a mystery no more. And that a beautiful young woman is the central figure of that drama but adds to its enticement of story and its excitement of action.

Readers will give the romance an attention that no serial has commanded for many a month, and in Col. Delaware Sara obtain a new favorite they will not willingly consent shall long let his pen remain unused.

Our chrome, "Look at Me, Mamma," has been the success of the year. Every one receiving it has been delighted, and the numerous letters from old friends and new, as well as a perfect flood of notices of the press, prove that we did not claim too much in pronouncing it one of the most charming pictures yet presented by any paper in this country.

### A GOOD WORD.

This letter—one from many—is very pleasant as showing how others see us. It comes from a popular author, from whom commendation is a compliment:

MESSRS. BRADLE AND ADAMS:

DEAR SIRS.—I hope your great effort to increase the JOURNAL's circulation has proven a grand success, as it certainly deserves to be. Those receiving your pictorial are much pleased. No. 355 of the JOURNAL is certainly an issue of which it's publish on the market. An enterprising friend, comparing it with several other weeklies, thought it was like a bright-faced, vivacious maiden, whose coming was always attended with joy and pleasure, among a lot of dull spinners who were without any aspiration. I might say it's a good comparison for your greater to mine.

"The Red Cross" is certainly a powerful story. Dr. Legrand's biographical sketches are one of the finest features of the JOURNAL.

We may add that the wish has been fulfilled. The SATURDAY JOURNAL starts in on the new year with an accession to its lists of which any paper might well be proud.

### Sunshine Papers.

#### Art in Dress.

DID you ever see any persons whom you wanted to pounce upon, and shake, and tear to pieces, no matter where you met them, or under what circumstances, or how great strangers they were to you? No! Then it must be owing to superior Christian merit on your part. I cannot otherwise explain it, intelligibly; for many are the unfortunate individuals whom I have longed to treat in some such summary manner, only being restrained from predatory warfare upon their apparel by an unreasonable dread of a police court or an asylum at Bloomingdale.

Really, it is extremely reprehensible the way in which people do go themselves up. By "some people" I refer mostly to "fashionable women," as Artemus Ward would say. Christian charity is nowhere when one goes into a street car, or a ferryboat, where a fair proportion of the passengers are of the feminine gender. If one can keep from mentally calling certain of one's neighbors uncompromising names it is quite as much as could be expected of any one endowed with six senses, the sixth being common sense; and it is consoling to know that having done the best one can, "angels could no more."

The marvel is how women—possessing, as ever, as much of them does, fair amount of vanity and an innate desire to make themselves, at such times as they are to appear before strangers, as attractive as possible—so frequently succeed in making themselves hideous.

Not long since I remember seeing, while traveling, a woman whose lack of art in dress made her the cynosure of all eyes. From her pretty feet, with their neat boots, to her throat, her silk suit, seal-skin jacket, dainty gloves, and tiny portemonee, were in perfect accord with lady-like taste. But beyond that, oh, horrors! She wore the most hideous of hats—so unbemanning, so remarkable in shape, so incongruous, and so startling as to colors, and in conjunction with this phenomenal head-gear her face was shaded by a black veil that might have been the prevailing style during the dark ages, and was embroidered, some inches deep, with glaring yellow. Despite her perfectly lady-like, dignified, and somewhat aristocratic bearing, was it any wonder that men and women found their gaze drawn, irresistibly, again and again toward where she sat; and, at variance with good breeding, found the impulse uncontrollable to turn and stare after her upon the train?

There is never a day that the optical organs and the nervous system of people go so often abroad, nor are they not afflicted by some such headache as this. In dress, these same barbarities proving a temptation to the continuance of good morals, and threatening to the sanity of people endowed with ever so little artistic taste. Who has not espied the head of some quakerishly-costumed and prepossessing-looking young woman adorned with a jute switch; ladies wearing a lace saucy or grenade dress late in November; a black costume in which underskirt, overskirt, and saucy, were of three different materials and shades; adornings in several conflicting shades of the same color; and garments of glaring and mischievous, therefore I do resolve.

A man who does not reform at least once a year, is pretty far gone down the moral ladder, and I think it is every man's bounden duty to put on better habits as much as it is to put on a clean shirt, even if they don't last.

A man always feels better and nobler after a reformation, and, since I have made one, I feel nobler than a nobleman, and will, perhaps, until the newness wears completely off, like nap.

These new rules which I have laid down are made of India rubber, and are warranted not to break, even if they are bruised.

Here is the copy which I have pasted in my hat.

RULES FOR 1877.

Know all men, by these presents, that I Washington Whitehorn, in convention assembled by myself, being of sound mind, and fully capable of making a manly distinction right from wrong, and of saving that by continuing in doing wrong, a man will become rich and miserable, therefore I do resolve.

That I will lend no man any money this year, and if I borrow any, it will make no difference to anybody, except the man who lends, and he will have ample time to figure out the interest on it several times.

That I will invest no more money in heaven; let them start a bank of their own.

That as the habit of smoking is pernicious and destructive, I will only smoke one cigar at a time, if I die in the attempt.

That I will stick exclusively to the truth, and never tell a lie which nobody would believe.

That I will always read the papers upside down, so I will get the reverse of the news, and about half right.

That hereafter I will put my confidence in no living being, as I don't want to lose it, having so little of it.

That I will always get up before breakfast, and if the weather is cold, will either get up early or hire a hand to get up for me.

That I will be so good this year that people will hold me up by the nape of the neck as a model for all good little boys and girls, and everybody will say, "Well, I declare," and will away with a bad opinion of even themselves.

That I will spend no money foolishly this year, and endeavor to get along without paying out a great deal more than I earn.

That when I make any kind of a trade with a female passenger generally, her bill is to be less than that of the men, and the bill is to be less than that of the men.

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plained either by himself or his inseparable attendant, the marble-faced Kool—all contributed to a band of generous heart in sisterly kindness toward him; and she thought him only a boy, incapable of amorous passion.

Adalia's splendid, long, sleepy orbs sometimes rested on the pair as they strolled hand in hand along the shore, or among the scented wildwood glades, and a curious lowering line would contract her graceful brows. Crystal's pale sea-blue eyes were also often turned in infant reverie upon them, while her soft lips quivered into a smile of rapturous delight. But their father had said:

"It is requisite to my schemes that Cora marries Griffith, mind that, girls," and the dutiful pair had bowed their significant acquiescence, after which nothing remained but to send the post, alternately taking of Gooseberry.

The party strolled together up the dewy, grassy footpath from the beach to the pleasure-grounds of the hotel, where they entered a prim, conventional asphalt foot-way, and mounted a terrace by terrace, until they reached the broad, sunlit terrace, where already most of the occupants of the "Alhambra" had congregated, breakfast cup in hand, with expert waiters darting in and out among the caressed groups, conveying the delicately taken morsels after morsel.

As the charming party ascended the white marble steps, answering gayly the numerous greetings bestowed upon them, Cora and Griffith, who came last, were stopped on the top step by Mr. Gaylure.

"Good morning, Mr. Gaylure," said Cora, smiling, and scarcely heeding the presence of Griffith in his eagerness to place a sealed letter in Cora's hand.

"A letter for you, Cora; who can your correspondents be?" he exclaimed with undisguised curiosity, while the lady gazed blankly at the address on the back of the envelope—"Miss Cora Gaylure, Scarecrow Caves."

Cora's first terrified thought was that her mother had died; but she had not the time to be grieved over her, for she was in a fever of impatience, and the heart-bounding, while it blenched her cheek, and she instinctively caught Mr. Gaylure's arm, to steady her suddenly weakened limbs, and, forgetting everything and everybody, hurried him into the hotel's own private parlor, which opened on the veranda overlooking the porch. Here the two standing alone, she tore the contents from the envelope, and unfolding a sheet of paper, very third-rate in quality, read the following:

"THE FAITH GULCH, SILVER-LEAD,  
WISCONSIN, Sept. 4th, 187—  
"MISS CORA GAYLURE:

"MADAM—If you are the daughter of Madeline Fleming, who married Victor Virose, twenty years ago, suppose her by her husband, John Koval, to be dead. In God's name grant an interview to your father, the said Jonas Karchevitch at six p.m., on the tenth of November; he will walk alone on the sea-beach opposite the cave known as the Crystal Spring, for an hour, and you will be safe with him for your own, meet me there. The hand of God has so heavy upon me because of my sin that I would fain make expiation before I die."

Cordelia scanned these startling words with a sinking heart, and instinctively crushing up the tall-tail letter, she hastened to the door, and did not blench the name of her parents to her benefactor, to whom she gave the credit of disinterested beneficence—she remarked with averted face:

"This is a master connected with my private history, in which you can give me neither assistance or comfort. Pardon my keeping it to myself, dearest of friends; I shall bear it better by myself."

"Do as you please, dear Cora, but always remember that you have me to fly to for refuge in the approaching storm; and, by no means, let me be delicately withdrawn, leaving the unutterably shocked and bewildered daughter of such strangely severed parents to her own bitter reflections.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

the count's lips. Gomez flushed painfully under the blows that drew blood, and suddenly sprung upon his tormentor. There was a brief struggle and the whip was in his hands. Then it fell once upon the count's broad shoulders, when it was hurled across the room, and the young knight bounded to the door.

"There comes another day!" he said, glaring at his insulter. Then he turned on his heels and strode from the castle.

His ride from the scene of his disgrace was the most mournful one of his life. Whipped by the father of the prettiest girl in Spain, and beneath her castle roof, at that! He felt the hot tears welling up in his eyes, and the tears mingled with the blood that trickled from the cuts of the lash.

The affair would not be kept quiet. He knew Count Pastellar's disposition—knew that he would spread the knight's disgrace over the kingdom. That it would be flamed in his face at every market place, upon every road. He did not stop to think whether Isabel had been a party to the wrong; he could not accuse her of such deception; and so, loving her still, he rode slowly on, with but one desire in his heart—revenge.

He saw the city but did not dash toward it, though he knew that Pedros and Garcia were there. He was ashamed to show his bleeding face to them. His disgrace might cost him his life at the hands of the populace.

He once loosed his buck and struck his clenched hand on the broad turrets of Pastellar Castle, then drove his spurs home and soon left castle and city far behind.

On, on as though the hounds of Justice were baying at his heels, the boy knight rode. He dashed through hamlets with the speed of the wind, hiding his bleeding face with one arm, while the other held the reins. At last he halted before a poor hut at the foot of a mountain and shouted to its inmates.

He was answered by an old crone who made her appearance, to utter an exclamation of terror at sight of him.

"I need help!" he said, throwing himself from his steed as the door, and entered the house as night swooped down and covered the mountain with her wings.

"Who will be your queen of beauty this victorious day, good Pedros?"

"My lady Isabel."

"Ah! yes, I had forgotten when I might have known. He will not be here to bite his lips."

"No!" and Pedros laughed while his dark eyes sparkled with malignant triumph. For he had never seen such a look cut him handier with the whip. I knew his proud nature could not brook the insult. Down in some mountain gorge he had ended the life which he considered disgraced. It was a stroke of policy, Garcia, an admirable affair I might say, for the lady Isabel was beginning to think something of the boy."

"How is she now?"

"True to me as the hawk to his master. I have her heart, and when I have crowned her queen of love and beauty to-day, the gracious king himself will publicly bethroth us."

"Then you anticipate the crown?"

"That's surely to be mind!" was the assuring reply. "My lance owns no conqueror in all Hispania."

The foregoing conversation took place in a rich tent just without the tilting ring.

It was a gala day for the nobility of Spain, for the monarch was to honor the festivities with his presence, and was, moreover, expected to level a lance himself. The tournament had been given in honor of a late victory, and the best-lancer of the kingdom had been drawn into the lists. Numerous tents, decorated with costly insignia, formed a semi-circle opposite the gorgeous pavilion occupied by royalty, and the handiwork of the knights.

For the first time, Garcia and his friends were about to be gowned, and the squares were ready to usher their respective masters into the ring.

Beside the monarch was Count Pastellar, proud and dignified, and his daughter Isabel, a little pale and anxious, occupied a chair near by.

The lists were called at a signal from the king, and with the usual flourish of trumpets six and twenty knights rode from the tents.

Then the tournament opened, and lance-crossed lances as the horses came together in the terrible charge. Loris and ladies rapturously applauded the successful, and the welkin rung with trumpets and loud huzzas.

Pedros seemed determined to make good his boast.

One by one he unhooked the various champions, until at length there appeared no other foe to conquer. He lowered his casque and bowed to the plaudits of the spectators as his esquire made proclamation:

"Pedros, my good master, Knight of the Black Crest, will level lances with he of the Stainless Fleece."

This proclamation created intense excitement. Pedros looked at the king, in whose eyes he detected a merry twinkle, and bowed as if he had discovered a royal trick.

But the trumpets calmed the tumult, and the Knight of the Black Crest rode from his tent. He was greeted with deafening shouts by the populace, and the splendid crest of black feathers bowed low to royalty; his armor was black; his mettled steed and long lance were of the black mail.

If Pedros feared defeat he did not reveal it; for he lowered his casque upon his opponent's appearance, and a minute later the first shock took place. It was an admirable charge, and though the antagonists were well matched, the red-skins had been shattered by the invincible lance.

Thus addressed, the knight Garcia straightened his handsome figure in the saddle, and essayed a laughing rejoinder as he touched his steed with the gilded spurs, and galloped away in a cloud of dust.

A few minutes later the two knights were seated at a table with bottles of wine before them. Their conversation grew boisterous as the wine disappeared, and the frequenters of the place thought them the merriest knights in Andalusia.

Pedros drank like a man in the flush of triumph; his companion seemed seeking repose in the sparkling liquor. Garcia evidently was remorseful.

They were becoming oblivious to the outside world while a startling scene was being enacted in one of the lofty chambers in Count Pastellar's castle.

Gomez, the young victim of an unrighteous conspiracy, had reached the castle, and received a welcome at the hands of the woman whom he adored. Isabel seemed incapable of deceit, and the Spanish maid never dreamt of treachery when he had so fair a friend and power in his heart.

Pedros had assured him that Isabel was waiting for his proposal, and that he had but to ask for the whitest hand in Spain. Pedros was a knight whom he trusted; he had never found him deceitful, and thought that he had spoken good concerning him to Isabel.

The young knight was rudely disturbed in his lover-like attitude by the sudden entrance of Count Pastellar into the room.

"To your apartment!" he exclaimed to his daughter, who blushed deeply at his appearance. "The time for you to listen to the love talk of a boy has not arrived."

Isabel, frightened at her father's rage, darted from the room, and the next instant the sting, being blow of a whip were heard.

Once, twice, thrice, the lash fell across the young knight's face, an insulting accompaniment to the dreadful maledictions that fell from

Pedros and the half-repentant Garcia were

sent into exile, while the Knight of the Black Crest, advanced to new titles by the king, completed his revenge by marrying Count Pastellar's daughter.

#### SONG OF THE GRATEFUL.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

With wonder fraught,  
Of nature's mystic ways:  
So grand, sublime,  
In every clime,  
That came before my gaze.

My spirit leans  
To all the scenes,  
That filled me with delight.  
Thee vision beams,  
Though vanished from my sight.

In ecstasy,  
Enthralling me,  
Their charms my mind impress'd,  
G d's wondrous ways  
With need not well said.

For all the good  
That wixt me stood,  
Through His love and love:  
Faith to impart  
Into each heart,  
Descending from above.

My being fills  
With loving thrills  
When gratitude I give,  
For every gift  
That me doth lift,  
And better may live.

My inner light  
Dwells in the light,  
Where all was dark before;  
And perfect joy  
Without alloy,  
In me forevermore!

#### SURE-SHOT SETH,

#### The Boy Rifleman:

OR,  
THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES,  
AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DA-KOTA DAN," "OLD DAN BACKBACK," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

#### TRULY INFERNAL.

It was on the night following the events just narrated that we left the Boy Brigade on the shores of Lake Luster, then bathed in the molten radiance of a full moon.

An exclamation of surprise and admiration escaped each lip as they gazed out over the little sheet and its dark-green border of forest trees.

But few of the little party had ever looked upon Lake Luster with similar admiration.

It was a place seldom frequented by hunters or trappers, and the deep shadows seemed to have expelled all animal life from within its borders, and it was only by accident that one happened that way.

"By mighty!" exclaimed old Joyful Jim, "if that arn't the most romantic scene I ever clapped my optics on. Why, she burns like a jewel on the black hand of a nigger gal. Lake Luster, did you say, Seth?"

"Yes; the water is almost transparent. In many places you can see the bottom and the fish sporting about; but this is nothing more than may be said of nearly all of Minnesota's thousand sand and cattail lakes. Indians have populated Lake Luster with spirits of the departed, therefore it has been seldom visited by the living."

"That's good; and I hope they'll continue to observe this absence from the spirit lake while we're here," said Jim. "I've had enuff of hornets' javelins and Ingins' bullets to last me till next harvest."

"Wherever our trail leads, they'll be sure to follow, mind what I tell you," said Sure Shot Seth.

"Wharfor?" old Jim demanded.

"They are led by a white man; or rather a white boy, who is your leader, for he is the son of the Indian Le Clerc, and is unprincipled and bad."

He has just enough of Indian blood in him to make him bloodthirsty and revengeful; and enough of French to make him subtle in plotting and planning. Yes, in Hawk-Eyes, the Boy Chief, we have a powerful enemy, boys."

"Yis; but, begor, they dassent buck against the H' Brigade," said Teddy O'Roop.

"K! yis; guess the Boy Brigade had all day did want at de island last night, whar de angel come and play and sing on de rock."

"Lovely creature!" exclaimed old Jim; "she saved our bacon, I dare say, and it do me good to stand up before her and thank her with all my heart for her kindness. Wasn't she super, though?"

"You don't think she was a celestial being, do you?" asked Seth, half smiling.

"Think it—heavens! I know it. Nothing mortal that wears hair wold 'd ar'd to come onto that rock between the muzzles of two-score of deadly rifles."

"She was an entire stranger to me, Jim; but I know she is mortal; and, furthermore, I am inclined to think she is a personage known to and wielding great power over the red-skins, but boys, we must find Miss Harris, if living so let us move on, and—"

At this juncture, Hooseah, the Indian lad, who had been absent from the main party, re-entered, and came running up in great excitement.

"Bad Luster—lots—on ahead!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Seth; "are they watching for us?"

"No—watchin' big wigwam on the lake—see him float out from shadows."

He pointed out over the lake, and all eyes turned in the direction indicated, beheld a long, triangular structure floating out from the border of shadows that lined the southern shore into the moonlit water.

"It's a tent!" exclaimed Mr. Harris.

"It looks like a tent; but it surely isn't one," answered Seth. "It appears to glimmer like a moon shield."

"Doggid it if isn't a little queer," said one of the boys.

"It puzzles me, I assure you," remarked another.

"It's a moon shield," said Seth.

"It's a moon shield," said Mr. Harris.

The craft continued on into the open lake until it had gained the center, when it came to a stand. Then our friends saw a door open on the sloping side and a man appear from the interior. He stood in front of the door and gazed around him. The Brigade could see the outlines of a tall person with long beard and hair. In his hand he held a staff with a trident-spear on the end of it.

From the darkness along the shore a tongue of fire suddenly shot out, and the report of a rifle was heard.

"Och! and the bloody Ingins are firing on the shore!"

"Yes; and by that," answered Seth, "we are to understand that the stranger is an enemy of the red-skins, whatever he may be on—"

With an impudent wave of the hand, the old man on the raft turned and entered his boat; but soon he appeared again, bearing something in his arms. Carefully he scanned the surrounding shores, but seeing no one, he sat down and gazed calmly around him.

Our friends stood still on the shore watching the boat, and, puzzling their brains as to who he was.

A boat suddenly crept out from the shadows of the east bank and moved toward the strange raft. There were five occupants in it. They were savages, and brightly flashed their paddles as they rose and fell in the water.

The father sighed heavily.

Half an hour went by in silence.

Not one word nor sound of the others had been heard.

Presently Seth rose to his feet and said:

"I shall now ascertain where the rest of the boys are."

He uttered a clear, startling whistle, not unlike that of a night-bird peculiar to the northern woods. The sound drifted away through the night and died in the distance.

"Ay!"

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Nothing dishonorable," she answered, eva-

sively. "That's not a very square answer," was the

maiden's response.

"It is all that I feel at liberty to give," the

maiden said, fear manifest in her voice.

"Well, let me hear what propositions for peace

you have to make," the renegade observed.

"Nothing more than the request that you

withdraw your designs against our home yon-

der, on the lake, and no harm shall befall a red-

man, so far as we are concerned," was the maid-

en's response.

"We fear nothing, nor any one," was the brutal

reply of the Boy Chief. "The woods and

the lakes belong to the red-man, and it is not for

the whites to make conditions regarding them."

"I know the Indians are not cowards, and I

do not wish to intimidate them. I only ask

what is honorable."

"What is your father's name?"

"Neptune," she answered; but Le Clercq's igno-

rance of mythology concealed the evasion in her answer.

"Neptune," he repeated; well, I will accede

to your demands."

"I will be pleased to hear what your wish

may be."

"Well, there's a young girl aboard your boat,

isn't there?"

Vishnia started, and hesitated for a moment

to reply; but finally she said.

"I have no desire to answer falsely: there is a

young girl there—Miss Harris."

Seth's heart gave a great bound. He was

afraid that it would betray his presence. Mar-

gio was safe, and that was joy to him. He felt

so thankful that he could have kissed the gar-

ments of her who brought the glad intelligence.

But his feelings assumed a different mood when

he heard the young chief say.

"Deliver that maiden into my power, and you

and your sons shall be molested no more by the Indians."

"But that would be against her will," said

Vishnia.

"I dare say it would; but no difference about that."

"I would not consent to do a wrong, for if you

would hold her a captive against her will, it

would be cruel and barbarous," said the maiden.

"The Indians are classed as barbarians," Le

Clercq replied; "so it wouldn't make any ma-

terial difference."

"Father will never consent to give her up to her enemies."

"It is I will make him give her up."

"Do not overestimate your power, young chief."

"I'll see to that. I'll just hold you in hostage

till that girl is given up."

Vishnia started, and her face grew pale with

fear. This was something she had not expected, and she saw little chance of escape from her sit-

uation.

"I have always heard that the Indians were

possessed of gallantry, and under such circum-

stances would treat a woman kindly," said Vishnia; "but I know otherwise, I would never

have placed myself at your mercy."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but the ex-

igency of this case demands that I hold you a

prisoner till Maggie Harris is given up. Black

Dog"—turning to the Indian—"you will take

the pale-faced girl to our camp."

Half reluctantly, the Indian advanced toward

the maiden, who, seating herself, attempted to

fix. But the Indian was too quick for her. He

caught her canoe and dragged it half upon the

shore; but, before he had time to contaminate

her by his touch, Sun Shot Seth saw the bushes

on the opposite side of the path move, and the

next instant a tomahawk, wielded by some un-

seen person there, fell upon the head of the

Indian. Like a wild dove, lifeless, falling

privily with fear and horror. He heard the

click of a revolver on his left, and the next mo-

ment the weapon itself was thrust through the

foliage into his very face. But not a word was

spoken—not a face was visible to the half-sar-

ificial young chief. He fixed his glaring eyes upon

the weapon, and ran them along the arm thrust

from the bushes; but he could not tell by whom

he was confronted. That it was an enemy with

a cool head and steady nerve, however, he had

not a doubt. Had he known that he stood at the

mouth of Sun Shot Seth's revolver, his terror

would have been still greater; but Seth did not

want him to know it, and so kept still and hid-

den in the bushes.

For fully a minute the young chief stood

wincing before the weapon thrust at him like

the finger of death; but, seeing the unknown en-

emy hesitated to fire, he gathered courage, struck

up the muzzle of the weapon, then turned and

darted into the darkness.

Then Seth parted the bushes and stopped out

into the moonlight on one side of the path, and

Hoo-sab, the Indian lad, appeared from the

other.

"Me kill Sioux brave; why Sure Shot no kill Hawk-Eyes?" asked the young friendly, a look

of surprise on his face.

"I would not fire through fear of bringing

danger upon her," replied Seth, pointing toward

the little canoe leaping across the water under

the vigorous strokes of the fair Vishnia's paddle.

To be continued—commenced in No. 355.

## THE ANSWER.

BY ANDREW RYAN.

There I see the postman coming. And I soon will hear him drumming on the window-pane; for I know he comes to me.

And I wonder what is in it!

Though I'll know well, in a minute,

If it is the one expected from the raver o'er the sea.

Yes, I know it will bring tidings

Of the fruit of my fond ch dings.

That the one to whom my heart is gone should stay

so long away;

And I'm sure twill be o'erflown

With the love I know is glowing

In the bosom of the writer, who my summons will obey.

For to write him I was lonely;

And I waited him then to hurry;

My heart would be in a flurry;

Till I met him at the gate again, to bid him "well-come home!"

There, I knew it! 'twas his writing!

And he says he will delight, whom he never

once forgot;

And he asks that when he's coming,

I should meet him in the gloaming,

And then alone he'll tell me of—well, I'd rather not say what!

## The Hunted Bride: OR, WEDDED, BUT NOT WON.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,  
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE SNARE AGAIN.

DRESSED in her wedding robes, Margaret stood at the window of her room, listening for the approach of the train which was bringing the bridegroom, and numerous of his friends. The sun had set, but it was not yet dark, the rosy splendor of the west meeting and mingling with the pearly lustre of a full moon just rising in the east. The house was full of gay sounds, the laughter, singing, jesting; ladies were walking on the porches and standing in groups on the lawn; the halls resounded with mirthful voices and light footstep; the air, within and without, was absolutely burdened with the perfume of uncounted flowers.

The little edifice was so crowded that it was with difficulty a path could be cleared to the west; the bridal procession, obliged to move slowly, was sustained by the organ's anthem; the spectators rejoiced in the slight delay, which gave them prolonged opportunities for noting

the larger number of the lady guests had ar-

rived by the earlier train, and having refreshed

themselves on their viands, were now enjoying

the beautiful hall, decorated with exquisi-

te taste for the occasion, and the delightful sounds

These guests, of course, were the friends of Mr.

and Mrs. Maxwell, and many of them of Mr.

Kellogg—the bride-elect having, as we know,

been so circumstanced through her young life as

to have few friends of her own. One good friend

she had, though, who had not failed her, but was

there, in the full glory of a new brown silk and

white shawl; but Mrs. Sally had not brought

Mr. Griggs, for whom she had looked up to the

last hour, yet been obliged to go without him

after all.

Margaret, strange as had been many of the in-

fluences of her life—little as she had mingled

with what is called society, and stranger as she

was to almost every face she could see that

night, felt no timidity at the ordeal before her. Instead, the hour to her was felt as one of triumph. She was so proud of her lover that she was proud of herself as his choice; and to do honor to him, and to herself for his sake, had resolved that all should be lavish, tasteful, befitting a queen of society.

The banquet was ordered from the city; flower-

sellers filled the house, and the little village church,

which the ceremony was to be performed in, was filled with the fragrance of too many incense-burners.

For Margaret was of too "immodest" a disposition to be a bride of the "old school," and the

bridegroom was of too "modest" a disposition to be a bridegroom of the "old school."

She had no time to say more, not even to indicate to whom the warning was given; but Kellogg, burdened with the weight of anxiety, which, in instinct, in time to see the scene of the wedding through the crowd to his side, his hand in his breast, with that peculiar gesture which told what he was after. The next instant the enraged and thwarted Southerner had fired, before the persons who sprung to restrain him could lay finger upon him.

But for once, the Fates directed the pistol-shot

with something like an approach to justice; it whizzed past the man for whom it was intended,

lodging in Branthope's arm, who still stood close to Kellogg by the chancel-rails.

Generous as ever, the bride consented, and the invited guests returned to the Villa, gayer than usual, after the strange interruptions to the regular order

## MR. PODDLE AT HOME.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Now, Absalom Poddle, look there. You've gone and left open the door. Don't you know that a door's made to shut? I've told you so often before. Why, every door about the house you've got the habit of flying open when you're around.

And you know there are nearly a score.

Arms full of wool! What of that? That is no sort of excuse.

When the weather's as cold as it is, And—look at the snow on your shoes!

I'll declare, Mr. Poddle, whenever you are about, the house gets all tote upside down.

And I'd like to know what is the use.

You make all the work that you can For a man as weak as I am!

You scratch and scratch at your heels, Now, Poddle, you cannot deny!

And you spit in the stove, and if that isn't enough you muddy up the hearth—

I wasn't so mad I would cry.

You move every thing in the room. And sprinkle the coal on the stairs, And all of the rugs you kick up For the sake of increasing my cares.

And you always leave your boots right in the middle of the room.

Unless they should be on the chairs.

I've got to go all through the house When you're in here, to set the things The books are left lying around Till some of these days I'll let my temper look at the upper hand of me—and you, And the people will say I'm right.

These almost make me complain. And I wonder sometimes why I don't: I'll bear them as long as I can. And you know when I won't. I'll be compelled to quit using the broom on the floor, or the shovel in the stove, And put them to better account.

I'm sure that I give you advice Which would make a changed person of you; I know I'm as patient as Job.

And I wish you had married a shrew, And some day you will worry me till I'm dead and buried. Mr. Poddle,

Then what in the world would you do?

## Great Captains.

## BOLIVAR.

The Liberator of Colombia.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

THE story of Spanish domination in America is one of rapacity, misrule and revolution. The States of America were the only colonies which escaped Spanish riotous. Viceroy's only came to enrich themselves and a large retinue of retainers from the treasure, the labor and the suffering of the miserable natives. In mines, in the fields, on the highways, the foreigner was master and the Indian the slave. This for a century after Pizarro's cruel advent. A second century witnessed the rapid growth of a mixed race, less abject than the Indian but more vicious, turbulent and intractable; and though the Spaniard became the fixed resident and dominant power in State, in society, in commerce and in the church, a higher power in Spain ruled him with a tyranny and insolence born of that greed for gold and lust for others' estates that made the Castilian both dreaded and detested in the New World.

Against this tyranny the people at length began to revolt. Spanish glory and the Spanish name, little by little, lost their hold on the popular mind. Each succeeding governor found his "subjects" less easily governed, and Spain beheld her colonies tributary year by year grow less. Her galleons were less richly freighted, and her "plate fleets" lessened in number until they almost entirely disappeared, for the West India possessions, the South American provinces and Mexico, with the opening of the present century, were ripe for revolt against their oppressor.

This revolt was stimulated by the revolution in France, but more particularly by the remarkable progress and prosperity of the United States of North America. The principle of liberty and the rights of self-government were subjects of constant discussion in the Spanish colonies, but the absence of leaders, and the presence of strong Spanish garrisons in all the provinces made liberty impractical until the appearance on the scene of General Miranda, in 1810. Fresh from service in the French army, and familiar with popular liberty from a residence in the United States, he was the natural leader of the movement of revolt in the South American provinces, and landed in Venezuela, in 1810, to commence his work of organizing the movement for revolution. He was accompanied by a young Venezuelan, Simon Bolivar—the future Liberator and "Father of his Country."

Simon Bolivar was born at Caracas, July 24th, 1783, coming from a distinguished family. He was sent to Spain for education—traveled in southern Europe—spent a year in Paris—returned to Madrid and married—all of which happened before his twentieth year. Remaining in Madrid with his bride for a year, long enough for his father to call him home and his mother to reach Caracas in March, 1809, taking his beautiful wife to his extensive patrimonial estate, in the fair vale of Aragua, near Caracas city, where he hoped for years of domestic bliss. But then quickly came the sorrow of his life in the death of his wife by yellow fever. Almost frantic with grief he returned to Europe to alleviate his suffering by travel. He was restless and miserable. Spain had no pleasure for him. He came to the United States—a moody, unhappy man. Here he fell in with General Miranda, to whose schemes for the liberation of South America from the galling Spanish yoke he gave ear, and proceeded with him to Venezuela, in 1810. Miranda at once raised the standard of revolt. The captain-general was seized and deposed at Caracas, April 19th, 1810, and a congress called to organize a new government for Venezuela.

This was the beginning of the Spanish-American Revolution, that, from that moment, went on until every colony of Spain in South America had secured its independence. But with what bloodshed, destruction, fierce passion, prolonged strife! In that wild drama, so lurid with war, Bolivar towers up as the man indicated by Providence for the chief work: the bereaved husband found in his sorrow the incentive to that other love, the love of country, that bore him through the tortuous and exciting scenes of suffering, to the fullness of triumph in the independence of all the South American colonies.

He proceeded, along with Luis Mendez, to London, at his own expense, in June, to interest the British Cabinet in the cause of the revolutionists; but, when was Great Britain ever known to aid in any popular cause? With loud and constant asseverations of liberty, the British nation never yet acted a disinterested and unselfish part in any struggle for freedom; but, waiting until sympathy and aid are no longer needed, England then comes forward to share in what other have won. This is about all there is to her "foreign policy." Bolivar returned disappointed and disgruntled, leaving Mendez to work for the revolutionary cause as best he could.

Miranda was confronted, in 1811, by a powerful royal army, under Montevideo, and after various reverses, the patriots were overcome. By some historians Miranda is accused of having betrayed his cause through a secret understanding with Great Britain. Bolivar and his co-patriots adopted that view, and by their act Miranda was delivered over to Montevideo, by whom he was sent in chains to Spain, where he

soon after died in a dungeon.\* Bolivar received a passport and retired to Curacao, and Venezuela passed into royal hands again. All of Bolivar's vast property was sequestered, and the whole country was given over to awful reprisal. "Deeds of revolting ferocity and plunder reduced the whole country to a frightful state of misery. On pretexts the most trivial old men, women and children were arrested, maimed, and massacred as rebels. One of Montevede's officers, Colonel Suárez, left the rebels at Curacao to again lead the revolt. In September, 1812, he repaired to Cartagena and took a colonel's command in the patriot army of New Grenada.

With this humble command the citizen developed rapidly into the efficient leader and sagacious general. He moved so rapidly and struck so valiantly as to confound the insolent royalists, who, at every point, fell before him. His forces, at one time, numbered two thousand, and with that force he despatched himself strong enough to march into his own province of Venezuela to its relief. And in he marched—the people rising to welcome him as he advanced. A second division under Ribas was formed.

In view of the atrocities practiced by Montevede, the patriot army, swelled by hundreds whose sufferings had rendered them desperate, proclaimed a decree of *guerra a muerte*—war to the death. This proclamation, dated June 18th, 1813, announced:

"The executioners who entitle themselves our enemies have beheaded thousands of our brethren; our fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and sons, buried alive in subterranean dungeons and vaults, have immolated the President and commandant of Popayan with all their captive companions; they have perpetrated at Varinas a horrid butchery of our relatives, and made a massacre of our peaceful citizens; these victims shall be avenged—the executioners shall be exterminated. Our oppressors compel us to a mortal struggle; they shall disappear from America; the war shall be unto death!"

A dreadful alternative, but think of the proclimation! Bolivar, though asseverating from motives of policy, did not sign the bloody edict and did not propose its enforcement; it was against his human disposition.

On August 4th, 1813, the liberating army was in Caracas. Montevede, severely beaten in one pitched battle, took refuge in the sea fortress of Puerto Cabello, and Venezuela was free!

What rejoicing followed! The liberator was borne into the city on a triumphal car drawn by twelve beautiful young women of the leading families of Caracas, dressed in white, and adorned with the patriot colors, while others strewed the way with flowers. Prison doors flew open and hundreds came forth—pale and emaciated victims of royalist inhumanity. Public opinion, as well as the exigency of the moment compelled the liberator to assume the office of dictator, and this was soon formally ratified, owing to the fact of a "common man power." Throughout his entire public career, up to the day of his death, his enemies so impugned his motives, and so misconstrued his acts, as to forbid for a generation any correct or just estimate of his talents, patriotism and honesty; but, now that time has cleared away the calumnies of foes and properly construed the adulation of those who almost worshipped the man, we see him as one who was a patriot in head, hand and heart, whose loftiest ambition was to make a free and powerful *republic* of all the provinces of South America.

The royalists, recovering from their defeat, rallied around several leaders, who, arming the negro slaves, and gathering to their standard all the very worst elements of a society steeped in ignorance, and tainted with a mixture of thrones, marches, matched to and fro, committing atrocities that make a sickening record. Three "generals"—Boves, Rosette and Morales—we are told, intimidated the ferocity of the first invaders by slandering women and children, and killing every man who refused to join their ranks. One "General" Puy, after having murdered many individuals, and robbed all patriot homes in his way, ended by a general arrest of patriots in the town of Valencia, and then, by a single blow, put their slayer by the firing platoons. For this deed of blood Bolivar had to order a reprieve, the people were so fierce for revenge, and eight hundred Spaniards, known to be royalists, were arrested and publicly shot, February 14th, 1814. Montevede retaliated by shooting all the prisoners he held at Puerto Cabello. These blood reprisals thereafter became a feature of that relentless struggle, and humanity stands aghast at the passion that could stimulate and sustain such a slaughter.

Battle after battle occurred, and finally Bolivar was beaten (June 14th, 1814) at Puerto Cabello again (August 10th) with the loss of a thousand beautiful women and children. He was besieged, after several successes, in reducing to obedience the factional patriot, Col. Castillo, in Carthagena, when (April 1815) the Spanish General Morillo appeared before Carthagena with an army of 12,000 men—veterans, released from service in Europe by the peace of 1814. That army had but to land and occupy the country; it was too strong to be opposed in the then straitened condition of the colonists. Bolivar fled to Jamaica, and Morillo, with fire and sword, ravaged the two "republics"—New Grenada and Venezuela. He shot 500 citizens of Bogota and 1,500 were shot and挂了 at Zimí. On the 10th of April, 1816, the Spaniard was hired, for the sum of \$50,000, to assassinate Bolivar in his bed. The Spaniard sublet the job to a negro, who, stealing to the patriot's chamber, stabbed Bolivar's secretary as he lay in bed—the chief, by mere chance, being absent from his room that night. This warning compelled him to flee to Hayti, in whose president, Petion, he found a friend, and by whose aid he formed four negro battalions and a corps of "emigrants"—the dispersed patriots.

With this new force he landed on the island of Margarita, in May 1816, and there joined the patriots gathering under General Arismendi. But, landing at Cumana, in July, with this motley "army," it was almost literally destroyed by the royalists, who showed no quarter whatever. Escaping again to Hayti, he there so reorganized the patriot cause, through secret agents, that he reappeared, in December, at Margarita, and issuing a proclamation to the Venezuelans, he landed at Barcelona, where the patriots had flocked at his call. Morillo hastened thither to crush him. A terrific battle ensued. For three days the combatants fought—the patriots crying "liberty or death!" On the third day the Spaniard was wholly defeated, but in his retreat was struck by the fierce Llanero cavalry of General Paez, coming forward to Bolivar's support. These wild riders from the Llanos took terrible vengeance on the defeated enemy, and Morillo's army was nearly annihilated.

"For this conduct," says one historian, "Bolivar and his co-patriots have been severely reproached with treachery and ingratitude. There were, however, many circumstances which rendered a suspicion of Miranda's collusion with the British Cabinet. He had long been a resident of London, was patronized and paid by the English, and was in constant intercourse with the English officers stationed at the neighboring islands, and was, in fact, sent to England in the name of his captain." It should be added, however, that his friends solemnly asseverated the purity of his patriotism.

Once more the insurgent cause was in the ascendant. To Bolivar, as supreme chief, all flocked, and he quickly gathered at Angostura an army of 5,000. With these he marched westward, 600 miles in thirty days, to defeat and scatter Morillo's reorganized command at Calabozo. Numerous battles followed in quick succession, in all of which Bolivar's troops were successful, and in February, 1819, the now Congress of Venezuela met at Angostura. Bolívar was elected by an overwhelming majority as president of the republic proper, although he strongly asseverated the need of the one man power. He then resigned to the congress his authority as supreme chief, only to be formally elected president, and then proceeded, in an admirable manner, to put the state and society in order again.

But he was long called to the other colonies to become the liberator, in succession, of New Grenada, Ecuador and Peru. In the summer of 1819 he fought several great battles that gave him possession of New Grenada, and a grand triumphal procession and entry welcomed him to Bogota. He was made president and captain-general of the republic. He summoned a general congress in December, by which New Grenada and Venezuela were united under the name of Colombia, of which he was made president.

It is impossible here to follow the course of history in detail. Morillo, "wary of hopeless slaughter," and disgusted with the service demanded of him by Spain, left the country (January, 1821). His successor, Gen. La Torre (January, 1822), was defeated in the memorable battle of Carabobo, near Valencia (June, 1821), when over 6,000 of the royalists were slain and all their baggage and artillery captured. This freed Colombia, so it is turned to their prey, and the Andes—a terrible march—with 10,000 men to meet the Spanish army on the plains of Junin and give it a stunning defeat; and in December his two generals, Suárez and Miller, in his absence at Lima, won the great victory of Ayacucho, which ruined the royalists, and relieved Spanish America of all Spanish domination.

In February, 1823, Bolivar convoked the Congress of Peru and resigned his dictatorship. Then he proceeded to the southern provinces of Peru, which soon were confederated into the Republic of Perú, forming the second republic of the Andes—Peru and Ecuador. He did so, in May, 1823, and this was adopted by Bolivar in the December following but not without many protests from patriots who greatly disliked its life tenure of president. Peru also adopted the code and made Bolivar its president, while Suárez became president of Bolivia.

Bolivar's code gave rise to charges of usurpation or imperial designs, seeing that he was also president of Colombia; and out of it grew grave troubles, which the rest of his life was spent in averting or suppressing. Factions arose, and their leaders proceeded to violence, and the liberator to assume the office of dictator, and this soon formally ratified, owing to "pronouncing" against Bolivar as a tyrant and a "common man power." Through six assassins entered his room and murdered all his officers at his side, he only escaping by leaping, in the dark, from a window.

In January, 1830, at a specially-summoned congress, he resigned all his powers, and though re-elected, would not longer consent to the presidency. Worn in body, and sick in heart, he longed for rest. "I am taunted," he said, in his solemn address at the opening, "with aspiring to tyranny. Set me, I beseech you, beyond the reach of that censure. If you persist in electing me, the State is ruined. Give to another the presidency which I now respectfully abdicate." He returned to Cartagena, where he had a friend, the Mosquera, in the presidency, but that excellent patriot was soon driven to resignation, in despair of ever being able to control the turbulent spirits ambitious for place and power. Again the people and Congress besought Bolivar to come forward once more, but failing health warned him that his best work was done. He had given his countrymen a country; if they could not preserve it, then, indeed, had his life work been a failure.

As a last act, in December, 1830, he published to Colombians a farewell address, in which he vindicated his acts, principles and public life, and charged his people with ingratitude. This address was quickly followed by his death—December 17th, 1830.

These two events, coming so closely together, produced a profound sensation. Then all classes realized how deeply they had wronged him to whom they owed all they had and were. That he had passed to an early grave, broken heart, touched them like a great sorrow. Expressions of grief were general and sincere. His calumniators trembled before the popular indignation. Living, he had a howling host at his heels, eager to hunt him from sight; dead, that howling host slunk away, averted and trembling before the wall of sorrow that went up over all the land.

The States freed from the despot have lived to witness change after change—revolution after revolution—driving one "president" from office merely to instate another. That feverish Spanish blood seems incapable of stability and submission to law. Bolivar foresaw just that danger when he provided for a life tenure of office for the president. Happy for Colombians and Peruvians—for the people of Ecuador and Bolivia—if they could be so true to the memory of Bolivar, the Father of their Country, as to respect the principle of law and order which it was his ambition to in graft upon their republican constitutions!

Aunt PATTY'S LEGACY.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"DINNER ready, Addie!" called Harry Atwood, as he came in from the store where he was book-keeper. "I have to go over to Jersey City after dinner to receive our fortune."

"All ready," answered Addie. "Then I suppose you have heard from the lawyers, Harry?" Yes, I've got a note this morning, telling me my legacy was waiting, and I'd better come over at once. I hope it will be good going to you."

"Well, we know poor Aunt Patty wasn't very rich," said Addie, as she poured Harry a cup of coffee. "But I do hope it will be four or five hundred dollars. Then we can buy this house, and I'll be quite comfortable."

"I hope not. Your walk is long enough now," sighed Addie. "But both Harry and I have the only cheap houses we can afford on the new streets, far away from the heart of the city and all its privileges."

Addie was very sad, for she loved their little home, and could not bear to leave it. But she saw that it must be done, or get into debt, or which both Harry and herself had a perfect horror, and which they were resolved not to do.

Addie offered to give Ann up and do the house herself, but this Harry would not hear of as long as it was possible to keep her.

"Housemaids are cheaper than doctors," he said, "so Ann must not be discharged at present."

Christmas drew near, and then, especially, Addie felt the need of means. "I always have given Harry a Christmas present, every year since we were married," she said to Harry, "and I can't give it up. But I can't ask him for money now. What shall I do? I haven't time to do any outside work to make money, or time to do it. I have time. I haven't any jewelry to sell, and—Oh!" Addie was looking over the advertisements in a paper, as she mused, and her eye fell upon a notice of a second-hand furniture store.

"I hope not. Your walk is long enough now," said Addie, as she went to the door.

"It's not so bad as you think," said Harry.

"I hope not. Your walk is long enough now," said Harry.

"I hope not. Your walk is long enough now," said Harry.

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"I hope not. Your walk is long enough now," said Harry.

"I hope not. Your walk is long enough now," said Harry.

"I hope